

Life



FEBRUARY 1, 1923

PRICE 15 CENTS

"God helps them that help themselves"

Benjamin Franklin



MASON CORDS

DUSK, and the soft radiance of late afternoon at Coconut Grove. Everywhere is evidenced that inimitable good taste born of a sincere desire for the finest. How natural then that many of those luxuriant cars, parked nearby, are Mason Cord equipped. For after all, do they not give to each owner that continued satisfaction—that comforting assurance of *true value*.

Branches in Principal Cities



THE MASON TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY. KENT, OHIO

Eveready Spotlight
with the
300-ft. Range



EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES



" . . . I'LL SAY MY EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT IS AS NECESSARY AS MY RAIN COAT"

The answer to darkness anywhere is the **EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT**—instant light when you need it, where you want it.

The only dependable light you can carry in rain and wind; steady and sure as on the stillest night. In the home and out of it, the Eveready Flashlight is the reliable portable light of usefulness and protection. Means accuracy instead of mistakes—safety by preventing accidents. A vital necessity in traveling, camping, hunting, fishing, boating and motoring.

It's the light of a thousand uses; one use often repays a thousand times the small cost (\$1.35 to \$4.50).

There are 60,000 Eveready Dealers trained to deliver Eveready Service with the sale of Eveready Flashlights and Eveready Unit Cell Batteries at electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, and general stores, garages and auto accessory shops.



Eveready Flashlight Batteries fit and improve all makes of flashlights; they give a brighter light; they last longer.



To executives in the democracy of business the Mimeograph brings a new kind of independence

What would it be worth to you if you could save a full hour in every day's work?

What would it be worth to you if you could free the time of many of your associates from mere details for more important undertakings?

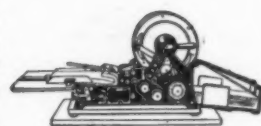
What would it be worth to you to have a silent helper strenuously working for the simplifying of your business, for dissemination of your best inspiration, for the private and speedy duplication of important bulletins, forms, plans, etc., at almost negligible cost?

If these things count, then you need a Mimeograph.

In unnumbered thousands of business and educational institutions throughout the world the Mimeograph is saving a surprising and stupendous amount of time and money.

Its hourly grist of five thousand well printed copies of a letter, memorandum, blank, tag, of chart work, designs, or kindred recording, is a mighty factor in American efficiency.

Is it not worth your while right now to write the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, for booklet "W-2" and information as to how the Mimeograph has brought a greater independence to American business?



Life

Imperfections

THE newest news is only rather newish,
And lots of things are greener than the grass;
The bluest sky is merely mildly bluish,
The biggest mule is only half an ass.
I never have a moment quite ecstatic
In which it isn't given me to see
That my country is but partly democratic,
And salvation but comparatively free.

I've never known a soul as misbegotten
As the late Uriah Heep, or Silas Wegg—
Nobody's wholly good or wholly rotten
In the manner of an oyster, or an egg.
I have never seen a person who was reckoned
As supreme in beauty, intellect and worth—
And I fear that even my wife is only second
To the wonderfulest paragon on earth!

I do not kick. I find, on due reflection,
If anything were good beyond a doubt
We shouldn't be contented with perfection
That left us naught beyond to dream about.
That divinity itself is but divinish
Is a proof that it is perfectly divine—
And the power that made the universe Einsteinish
Must be (relatively) something pretty fine!

T. R.



"Can you shoot from this mule?"
"Yessah, yo' can shoot from dat mule—once."



Mrs. Pep's Diary

January 27th To the sempstress this morning with the silk and lace from which I was so zealous last week to fashion lingerie, but it is good husbandry to let her complete it, forasmuch as the bias folds I made looked like cables to drag the Majestic to dock. . . . My husband, poor wretch, having asked me to devote this day to him without naming his purpose, I did agree, and we to an inn for luncheon, of consommé, crab flakes and salad, all very fine, save that the crab retained small pieces of shell, which was not handsome. So ill served, though, that when the waiter thanked Sam for his generous fee, Sam did say, Don't mention it, you clumsy oaf! in a low tone, but not, I greatly feared, low enough. Thence to Sam's barrister chambers, to my astonishment, and he did sit me down in a chair and read aloud to me the argument for the great case over which he hath been at such pains of late. And as he read, I was secretly stirred with pride for his adroitness in the world of affairs, albeit he doth act at home sometimes as if he had been dropped on his head when an infant. And when he had done, he looked at me searchingly and asked if I had grasped it. Perfectly, I replied, and he said, Thank God! Then any judge can understand it!

January 28th At my correspondence all the morning until Jane (Lord's Day) Davies arrived for luncheon with us, and she did tell me of a controversy in which she is involved, and I shocked to realize again what a partisan I am, for

Lord! how frequently do I find myself roused to indignation against persons whom I do not know and over matters which do not concern me soever. . . . Kate Mitchell for tea, and when she told me how she had been ailing of late, I did commend to her a surgeon who can cure her malady with dispatch, but she would none of him. And when I offered her some aspirin tablets for her headache, she inquired minutely as to the nature of the drug, as if she suspected me of dosing her with hemlock. . . . This day did my servant Emilie begin to part my hair on the side.

January 29th Lay late, and then to a lecture on the popular writers of our day, and in stressing the magnificence of their remuneration, the speaker did point out how Poe sold *The Raven* for only ten dollars, which, methinks, is more than it was worth. . . . All the afternoon at whist with Marge Boothby and two others at the Pasteboard Club, and my servant Virgie did telephone me that there was a great fire in our neighborhood but I did not go home to see it forasmuch as I never went to a conflagration in my life which wasn't out when I arrived on the scene. Mr. Foster, the card expert, was there, and I did ask him about a point in Russian Bank, and was greatly cheered to learn that I have been right and K. Mitchell wrong. . . . These days do I have great difficulty in getting to sleep, my mind being so filled with pleasant material for thought. B. L.

An Ultimatum

BEFORE I send more stuff to LIFE,

One thing I'd like to know:
What do you read—the article,
Or just the name below?

Quite frequently I see some things
As aimless as can be,
Yet I suppose they're used because
They're written by D. P.

Now lines by J. K. M., no doubt,
Mean quite a lot to you;
But would you print a one of them
If signed by P. D. Q.?

At certain times, Will Rogers' quips

Are humorous, but still,
Be honest—would you buy them
from

Another soul but Will?

Then there's that weekly diary,
No doubt you know it well;
Could any one get by with that
Except your friend B. L.?

I've tried to sell you lots of stuff,
But ere I try again,
I hope some one will take the time
Your system to explain.

For what I've seen so far, I fear,
Has made me almost sure
You cannot see a joke until
You've seen the signature.

H. L. H.

Suggested Local Branches for the K. K. K.

The Watchmakers'—The Ku Klox Klan.
The Autosuggestionists'—The Coué Klux Klan.
The Detectives'—The Klue Klux Klan.
The Gossips'—The Ku Klax Klan.
The Egg and Poultry Dealers'—The Klux Klux Klux.
The Prohibitionists'—The Blue Klux Klan.
The Flappers'—The Cute Klux Klan.
The Billiardists'—The Cue Klux Klan.
The Automobilists'—The Klaxon Klaxon Klaxon.
The Blacksmiths'—The Ku Klux Klank.
The Furnace Tenders'—The Koal Klux Klinder. B. I.

SWEET YOUNG THING (looking up from market reports her glance has happened on): Dad, did par go up any on the Exchange today?



O. Hupfand?

Impossible Adventures
No. I

My Husband Says



HAT he wishes I would learn to take some responsibility. He says he thinks I could because I take everything else so easily.

So he gave me some Pullman stock and he said I *must* take care of it and now I was a stockholder.

I put them away ever so carefully in the bureau drawer where I keep my best gloves and things.

They are all done on the most stunning, rattly paper and have a border in lovely shades of soft henna, and a picture of Mr. Pullman. I think his goatee would be much more becoming if it were trimmed in a slimmer line.

But he sent me some checks and I spent them all, and I think it is heavenly to feel responsibility.

And then he sent me a letter in a big envelope, and it said they were going to have a meeting of the stockholders in Chicago and they wanted me to go too.

I have always wanted to go out West; and I have the most stunning little fitted week-end bag, and a lovely kimono done in Batik in the most marvellous shades (my husband says it looks like an explosion in a vegetable patch) for Pullman wear; and I asked the ticket man for a berth right through and he said I must pay for it even if I was a stockholder; and he said, "Does your husband know you are going?" And I said I wanted to surprise him, and he said, "You will, all right." And he said he would phone my husband because he belonged to the same order, only his wife was different.

He said it wasn't necessary to tell me everything my husband said, only would I wait for God's sake till he came for me; and I had a manicure while I was waiting, and my husband said Nature hadn't fitted me to take responsibility, and he thought she gave me too high a polish, too.

But I really think it was heavenly the way she filed the corners.

L. B. S.



At the Club

The Tired One: Are you Presiden' this Club? "No!"

"Are you Memb' Board Direc'?" "No!"

"Are you on House Commit'?" "No!"

"Then let me sleep."



"I want some cigarettes for my aunt."
 "Virginia?"
 "No, Lucy."

Meditations of a Young Intellectual

I CAME from Sioux City, Iowa. I am an artist, an individualist, a pagan. I know practically everything worth knowing, and burn incense to no other person or deity. Anyone who does not realize and acknowledge my genius can go to the devil. Cheerio, who bothers about such swine?

Those who bandy my name about as one of the *minor* poets had better watch their step,—banana skins are cheap.

I always keep Sundays for my ripping parties.

I write a bit on week days. Persons who use Sunday for anything but pleasure are duds. Goodness knows, six days are quite enough to slave in. Bless the good old Sabbath!

I have cut out Mother and Dad; they are positively B. C., and know nothing about Life or Art. They groused about everything I wanted to do, so I told them to keep their advice to themselves and leave me alone.

I am distilling hemlock for three old Editors. They are back numbers, have no artistic appreciation, and the world will be better off when they are under the ground.

Mid-Victorian morals are absurd. Experience is the thing. I must know all of Life, and I shall.

I take a line or two now and then from some old Holy Roller who used to write ages ago, and the best of it I use in my poems. Why not? I am perfectly justified. Everybody does it.

I make up the most intriguing scandal about people and tell it at parties. I am a riot.

It is not fair. The people who have all the things I want are either too old or too fat, mentally or physically, to really enjoy anything. I want Goulding's Rolls-Royce, Walter's exquisitely sensitive wife, Boswell's peach of a valet, and that heavenly cook of Mrs. Sable's. I intend to have everything. I shall marry a rich girl.

L. G.

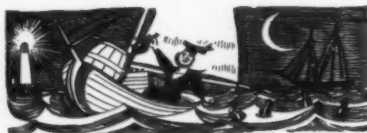
POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

Benj. Franklin's Maxims—Revised

Early to bed and early to rise—
It's the way of the flapper, before she gets "wise."

Vessels small may venture more

But larger boats should keep outside the three-mile limit.



A father should have an elephant's ears, a centipede's feet and an ass's back.

At 20 years of age the will reigns; at 30 the wife; at 40 the bank account.

A learned blockhead is a greater blockhead than an ignorant one, which explains why dramatic critics are wrong oftener than the man who "knows what he likes."



Even a fool, when he hath a well-stocked cellar, is counted wise.

A good man is seldom uneasy; unless he happens to be married.

A house without woman and firelight is like a body without soul or sprite—but it's remarkable how divorce and steam heat reconcile us to the loss of both.

In this world nothing is certain but death, taxes—and reformers.

Wisdom is better than rubies, but try the acid test on both before deciding which to take.

A "wise" son maketh a peevish father.



An honest man will receive neither money nor praise that is not his due. You will recall that Diogenes never found one.

A woman is as young as her make-up.

A lie stands on one foot; truth on two—and the subway rider on his neighbor's.

A man without a wife is but half a man. Hence the expression, "the better half."

The fresh-laid egg of to-day is the hard-boiled egg of to-morrow.

A stitch in time saves the show from being closed.

A husband is never without a reason; but seldom with a good one.

Be always ashamed to catch thyself idle; especially when the boss catches at the same time.



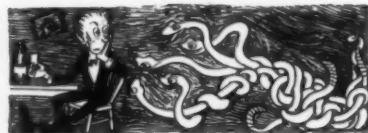
By diligence and patience the mouse bit in two the cable—and found it could do nothing with either half.

Drunkenness, the worst of evils, makes some men fools, some beasts and others bootleggers.

Great modesty often hides great minds—but never in an actor.

He that goes a borrowing, will not take "no" for an answer.

He that drinks his Scotch alone, let him charm his snakes alone.



A little neglect may breed mischief: for want of some rouge, her color was lost; for want of her color, a suitor was lost; for want of a suitor, her temper was lost.

Never leave till to-morrow any one you can do to-day.

Three bankruptcy sales are as good as a fire.

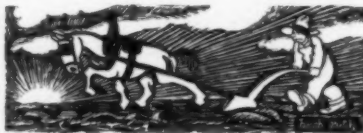
He that goes far to marry could have done just as badly at home.

He that has not got a wife is not yet a complete man. When he is married, he is finished.

Light wines—heavy heads.

Love, and be sued.

Nothing dries quicker than a bottle of Scotch.



Plough deep, while sluggards sleep. Soon they will be eating your crops.

T. H. L.

Fables for Farmers

WHEN Old Man Privilege was firmly seated on the shoulders of Grinbad the Granger, with a stranglehold on the neck of the unfortunate ruralist, he immediately became very solicitous about the welfare of his charge.

He established the eight-hour day;—eight hours before noon and eight after, and was careful to supply him with enough food to enable him to work hard. He created a Weather Bureau to furnish a varied assortment of rainy, clear and hot days, so that there would be no lack of crops. An Agricultural Department was organized to teach Grinbad's grandmother the latest scientific method of sucking eggs. A staff of Welfare Workers, composed of the best little Uplifters available, was assigned to the task of inculcating anti-race-suicide principles among the barnyard fowls. Realizing that possession of too much wealth by a farmer leads to

idleness and extravagance, special taxes were devised that promoted industry and thrift by taking from Grinbad everything that he produced beyond the bare necessities of existence. Despite all these charitable efforts for his good Grinbad grumbled and complained against his kind benefactor. "Ungrateful wretch that thou art," said the Old Man, "have I not done everything in my power to make you happy and contented? Even now am I not planning to give you still greater prosperity by enabling you to go deeper in my debt? Cease your repining, and hustle out to the cornfield."

"Much obliged for your sympathy," rejoined Grinbad, "but I feel that I really don't deserve it. I don't want no more good advice, nor none of them helpful suggestions. All I want from you," he grunted, reaching for a chunk of jagged rock the size of a sugarbowl, "is for you to get off'n my back."

W. G.



"Now we're goin' to fight!"
 "W-what's the gang for?"
 "They're just here to see that I get a square deal."

COSTLY GIFT TO CITY UNVEILED

Mrs. Toofus Royal Rams Sees Monument Presented.

WILL SAVE HORSES FROM SUMMER THIRST

Vast Throng Hears Speech in Which Donor Is Eloquently Lauded.

Courthouse Square was crowded as never before at noon yesterday when the new drinking fountain for horses, presented by Mrs. Toofus Royal Rams to the city, was unveiled with due ceremony. The monument cost \$3,961.83 and is symbolic in style.

The donor sat on the platform during the ceremony and her eight-year-old daughter, Miss Alycia, pulled the rope that unveiled the fountain. Hon. Archibald Dunkwurst made the speech of acceptance on behalf of the city and praised the generosity of the giver, saying that such civic actions were the best thing that could happen.

At the conclusion of the ceremony all officially connected with it adjourned to Mrs. Rams' home where an elegant luncheon was served.

England's Prince Quits.

London, England.—In a letter to the *Times* today the Prince of Wales renounced his claim to the throne.

French Army Moves.

Paris, France.—Under command of Marshal Foch the French Army crossed the Rhine this morning and began its march to Berlin.

At The Bijou

All Week

The Season's Greatest Hit

"SMILING WILL" HAYS in
THIS WAY OUT

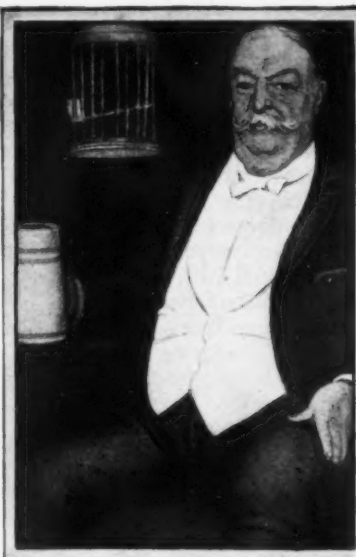
NEW BLOCS

Proposed for Paving Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to

THE WHITE HOUSE

On Exhibition Here
All Year Round

JOCULAR DIPLOMAT



Ambassador Harvey, Whose Whimsical After Dinner Speeches in England, All in the Spirit of Good, Clean Fun, of Course, Have Caused Many a Chuckle at London Banquets. His Latest Practical Joke Was to Declare that Women Have No Souls.

LADIES' AID MAKES REPORT

Matrons Realized \$3,618.21 and Disbursed \$3,512.68.

Mrs. Brian Boru Levinski, chairman of the Ladies' Aid Society Financial Committee, submitted the annual report of that body yesterday af-

ternoon to the entire organization. The figures showed that by contributions, entertainments and other charitable affairs the sum of \$3,618.21 was realized during the past year. Expenditures for worthy objects totalled \$3,512.68, leaving a balance on hand of \$105.53.

After the report had been read, Mrs. Edward St. Clair Fitzpatrick moved that it be adopted, which it was by unanimous vote.

The meeting then re-elected Mrs. Levinski chairman of the Financial Committee for the ensuing year and adjourned until next Tuesday, when there will be a bridge at Mrs. Levinski's home.

In an
Emergency
Always
Use



**BROTHER
CHARLES'**
SOOTHING
SYRUP

Internationally Known
Prevents Complications

Have You That Tired Feeling?
Do You Ever Get a Pain in the Neck?

LA FOLLETTE'S
**SOUVERAIN
REMEDY**
WILL REMOVE IT



Nothing like this has ever been offered to the public before. It conquers even the worst cases. When all others have failed try Progressive Syrup—Made from the juices of the herbs on which the Bull Moose fed.

EDITORIAL

ENCOURAGING SIGNS

Critics can always find something to support their claims. Pessimists can twist meanings and darken the horizon with clouds of their own creation, but rational minds will always see the bright side of life and will find the things that indicate progress.

In the annual report of the Governor of the Canal Zone, just issued, there is evidence of the return of prosperity, if one searches for it.

According to the official figures submitted to the Congress, the population of the Canal Zone used 131 more tooth-brushes this year than they did a year ago. There were 1,618 sold there in 1921 and 1,749 in 1922. These useful articles are imported from the United States, so that the growth in imports by that section of the continent must be reflected by a manufacturing boom at home. More goods sold abroad means more employment here.

Aside from the purely commercial feature, additional pride may be taken in this growth as evidence of the civilizing influence of our form of government. It proves that the tooth-brush, also, follows the flag.

SOCIETY

Gold Brick Post.

Brigadier-General Sawyer, our distinguished fellow-townsmen, was the guest last night of Gold Brick Post, No. 6 3-8, of the American Legion. Much conversation was indulged in, after which some crap shooting was had. The General left early and all voted that a good time was had.

Harding Blue at Dance.

A Martha Washington dance was held last evening in the basement hall of the First and Last Hibernian Baptist Church, at which all the ladies who attended were dressed as the first First Lady of the Land and in Harding Blue, also. One young lady caused a furore by mistaking her dates, she thinking this was the Cleopatra Ball, but all was well after she had borrowed a long cloak. The festivities were continued into the wee sma' hours.

Musical Song Recital.

Miss Mary Agnes Jones, the talented young soprano of the Lutheran Episcopal Church Choir, was heard yesterday afternoon in a song recital for the benefit of indigent bankers of both classical and popular numbers. Her rendition of the Sextette from "Lucia" was pronounced the best that anyone present ever heard by a single singer. Refreshments were served, in which Miss Jones was unable to partake, owing to being temperamentally upset. All sympathized with her.

Minstrel Show Soon.

A joint minstrel show by the local branches of the Ku Klux Klan and the

Knights of Columbus is to be given at Masonic Hall on April 1. Plans for rehearsals are now under way.

Novel Entertainment.

The Phun Phinders' Club met last night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Miller and readings from the 1923 Farmers' Almanac of many witty sayings and the latest jokes made all present shake with laughter. A novel feature were the refreshments, animal crackers being served, which was greeted hilariously.

HARRY M. DAUGHERTY

Attorney-at-law

BAIL BONDS

a

SPECIALTY

Phone: Waterloo 1924

21 Normalcy Street 6-tw.tf.

FORDS

Faith will move mountains, but a Ford will move me.

The Most Persistent Car on the Market.

Call and See One—1923 Models Now Here.

TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY

(Ford Agent.)

Phone: Passe 22. Off Main Street. Senatorial Terms—Easy Payments.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

HOME—Eleven rooms, three baths, commodious cellar, in Nation's Capital for sale. Suitable for family physicians or other Marion residents who can serve Government. Fully furnished, except case goods. Owner has finished business in Washington. Address Jos. Frelinghuysen. Box A-1, this office. 3t-Tu-Th-Sa.

KNEE BREECHES—Made of finest black silk. Never worn. Ideal for Ambassador. Owner no longer expects to use them. No reasonable offer refused. Frank A. Munsey, Box K. O-4, this office. d-tf.

WILL TRADE—Old Guard uniform for something snappier, preferably with pinch-back coat. W. G. H., this office. 3tw-tf.

LOST—Reputation, fairly large. Finder will be suitably rewarded if article is returned. Address Herbert Hoover, Box A. R. A. 671. 2t-Tu-Sa.

EDUCATED MAN with plenty of leisure would like part time job to fill in. Calvin Coolidge, P. O. Box 17-851,204, Washington, D. C.

FLASKS—Will receive bids for 2,200 flasks, pint size, for issue to Midshipmen at Naval Academy. Must be acid proof. Apply for specifications to Edwin Denby, Navy Department, Washington, D. C. 5t-Mo to Fr.

NORMALCY SALVE

Cures Any Ailment of Man, Beast Or Democrat.

Are You Troubled with Progressive Rash? Have You Suffered from Tariff Boils? Do Twinges of Old Guard Rheumatics Make Your Life Miserable?

NORMALCY SALVE

Will Cure You.

At All Second-Class Post Offices.

Read these testimonials.

A former U. S. Senator writes: "Fears made it impossible for me to sleep even in the Senate. One application of Normalcy Salve and I was no longer restless. I found more quiet than I wanted."

A Farmer testifies: "Before taking Normalcy Salve I owed everyone money. Now no one will trust me."

The Hon. Charles Evans Hughes writes: "During a tour of California some years ago I contracted a severe cold, owing to the changeable nature of the climate. I despaired of recovery until I chanced upon Normalcy Salve. Now I am whole in health again and I expect no more trouble unless a Japanese settler bites the Governor of California in the leg." Write for booklet containing other testimonials.

Top soil dressing for all forms of Agriculture, as well as many new labor and vote-getting devices now being shown at Borah's American Plan Store.—Advt. d-tf.

Don't fail to see the greatest thriller of the ages, "The Blast of Fury," staged under the personal direction of Hell-Roar'n' Hi Johnson.—Advt. 3tw-Mo-We-Fr.



Things LIFE Would Rather Like to Know

WHETHER France is preparing to pull a Bonaparte.

How the Prince of Wales could possibly keep all his reported engagements.

What M. Poincaré really thinks of Mr. Hughes' literary style.

If there are really more murders in New Jersey or have we merely got in the habit of counting them.

If it isn't rather futile to elect Congressmen nearly a year before they can do anything about it, even if they want to.

When William Randolph Hearst will write an editorial denouncing Japan for its duplicity in making China take back Shantung.

Whether the French are not the envy of all American "go-getters."

If the Harding-Hughes school of diplomacy hasn't reached a stage when a feeler needs a friend.

For what William Allen White was sentenced to Kansas.

Whether the French could be persuaded to send an expedition into some of our own coal mines.

How long a popular song must go unsung before it becomes a popular song again.

If Walter Camp's All-American Eleven is better than his Daily Dozen.

What the people in Russia would vote for if they were assured of a secret ballot and a disinterested count.

Whether Ambassador Harvey has found that our women are more apt to assert that they have souls than our men are to deny that they possess spirits.

Whether the new members of Congress intend to patronize the bootleggers of their predecessors.

If the foreign ambassadors in Washington don't find it awfully expensive to maintain the only legal oases in the Great American Desert.

Whether it's easier to find a needle in a haystack or a gram of radium under its worth in rubles.

What would happen if a conference of diplomats failed to break up in a disagreement.

Whether world peace depends upon who's Hughes in Europe.

Shot Until Sunrise

TWO Americans climbed to one of the most majestic heights in the Swiss Alps last summer. When they got to the top one of them produced a pair of dice and they shot craps until nearly dark.

This incident is delightfully typical of foreign travel by Americans this season. The travel notes of many Americans contain accounts of just such wonderful days.

But it is not merely when they are away from home that Americans aspire to shoot craps. Observations in various parts of the United States show the game to be preferred against other crimes and diversions.

Delegates going to conventions no longer spend their time dealing cards at tables in airtight Pullman compartments or stuffy hotel rooms. You will find them on the floor invoking the good graces of the gallopers. Men come home from conventions nowadays with their trousers fearfully bagged at the knees.

I know a woman in Chicago who uses diamond dice. I am aware of other efforts to make crap shooting essentially a rich man's sport, yet it remains Americanly democratic, appealing to the low as well as the high. So universally is it practiced in the nation that organizations drumming up 100 per cent. Americanism may be expected to make it part of the ritual.

I do not believe that Prohibition has anything to do with the popularity of the sport. If the United States ever should have Prohibition I doubt that it would diminish interest in the bones one whit.

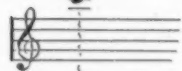
As I see it the reason for the rise of crap shooting is plain. Just recall the Public Library-like silence of poker, bridge, and faro and contrast it with the noisy garrulity of a session with the dice. There is the answer. This is an age of say-it-with-something. Say it with anything—the human voice preferred, *au naturel*, or canned. The chap with an impediment in his speech is the person to be pitied in times like these.

G. C. C.

Business

"THERE'S a collector downstairs to see you, sir."

"Tell him to call some day when I'm at home."



The Satisfaction of Achieving the C in Alt

"Six Authors in Search of a Character"

A New Interpretation of a Modern Instance

SCENE: The Depths of a Jungle.

Towering overhead are the trunks of huge playhouses. From the branches of these dangle festoons of electric signs, twining over the paths to trip the unwary. The ground beneath is knee-deep in a carpet of box office statements, while the air is murky with miasma rising from broken contracts.

Now and then a Failure limps piteously through the underbrush, on its way to the Tall Grass, relentlessly pursued by a band of Critics, armed with poisoned pens; or a silent Ticket Speculator threads his tortuous path through the labyrinth, filled with malevolent fear of his hated enemy, the Cut-Rate Bird.

The only sounds that shatter the silence are the occasional yelp of a ferocious press agent, and the splash of his fountain pen, as he breaks another record, and the shrill piping of the Traffic-cop standing unafraid,

as befits the Lord of the Jungle.

Into this deadly solitude furtively creeps The Character, one of the last of its kind, perhaps the sole survivor of an almost extinct race. The hunted look in her gentle eyes bears pathetic witness to her fear of pursuit, her scarred limbs and torn fur are mute evidence of escapes from the traps laid by predatory playwrights.

Too late the unhappy wretch realizes she has blundered into danger; on every side are her hereditary enemies, stalking their prey, and in a frenzy of terror she seeks sanctuary within a stage door. She pauses, paralyzed with horror. There on the wall is nailed the pelt of a Character, while out on the lighted stage, the skeleton of another shakes its weary bones; nay, even as she stares aghast, a third is killed in cold blood by a playwright and cut to tatters by an actor.

The cry of "Author, Author" rouses her to her peril and she dashes

out of the stage door, only to find herself in the midst of the Rialto Hunt Club. Authors, Authors everywhere. Some armed with deadly typewriters, others with automatic pencils—one with a dictaphone thrust in his belt. In a moment the trembling fugitive is surrounded by a pack of stenographers in full cry, from which she is rescued, just in time, by a lovely huntress, as the other hunters gather to be in at the death.

DIANA DÉCLASSE:

Oh, you dear little Character, come with me. I need you for my new play, "To Find a Little Rabbit Skin." Your skin matches my plot beautifully. Now listen, darling, I will make you a beautiful lady of the most aristocratic lineage. Sometimes you will be a noble English lady and sometimes a blue-blooded Southern lady but you will always sink lower and lower, spend your life in unhappiness and eventually



"Oh, Aunt Eloise, every time you wash your face you have to put your reflection back on, don't you?"



The Monkey: I'd just as leave have the whole thing dropped.

die—lonely and degraded. But you will never go to work: you will suffer any shame—endure any humiliation rather than work. Every night we will shake dice to see whether we shall play the last act first, or the first act last. Will not that be beautiful?

At this moment the pounding of hoofs is heard and Daniel Boone Batt dashes into the foreground. He is not mounted on a horse, however; his steed is a spirited four-poster bed, decked with most enticing lace and seductive trappings. Controlling the prancing of this restive palfrey, he appeals to the Character.

DANIEL BOONE BATT:

Come with me, little one. You will act in an atmosphere of fright and mystery. Strange hands will clutch at you out of the solid wall. Blood will drip on you from the electric lights, or better still, I will use you in my new farce, "Why Men Never Go Home." See this lovely bed. It shall be yours.

CHARACTER:

But I'm not sleepy.

DANIEL BOONE BATT:

In my plays beds are not made for sleep, little one.

Another hunter forces his way to the captive—Nimrod Jones, daring, intense, with somber eyes always seeking to peer Beyond the Horizon.

NIMROD:

Leave these folk and come with me. I will put you in my new play, "Annie's Twisted." I will plunge you in misery and I will let you talk about it for hours and hours and hours. Sometimes it will seem even longer. You shall use words that will draw howls of anguish from the Censor. As an especial favor I will endow you with a loathsome disease and nightly you shall die an ignominious death to the throbbing of the tom-tom.

Hiawatha Undies interrupts—dragging a show case full of silken garments, he eagerly approaches the Character.

HIAWATHA:

Oh, come with me, pretty creature, and let me put you in my play, "Dirty Garters." See this wonderful combination—you shall wear it; these hose—you shall lose them; this chemise—you shall find it. Your costume for the last act shall be only a pocket handkerchief. In this play I hold the record for undressed la-

dies. It is sure to be suppressed—think of the Glory.

The mellow strains of "How Dry I am" precede Orion Don, who emerges from behind a column, rolling a puncheon of rum (synthetic).

OMNES:

Al's here!

DON:

Fair One, I want you for my new play, "The Old Joke." It isn't really a joke, but a problem play—the problem being "Why Is Prohibition and If So—When?" Every time Volstead hears the title he turns over in his political grave. Your duet with the parrot, "Yo ho ho and a bottle of Moonshine," will make the whole town thirsty.

CHARACTER (feebly):

But none of these things sounds like Art.

There is a loud fanfare of publicity and the other hunters are thrust aside by the Mightiest of them all, David Crockett Fillum. He is preceded by Houris, in Mack Sennett bathing suits, strewing adulation in his path, and in his train are many

(Continued on page 29)



FEBRUARY 1, 1923

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Vol. 81. 2100

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
 London Offices, Rolls House, Brema Bldgs., London, E. C.
 598 Madison Avenue, New York



ALL we can be sure of about the news from Europe is that we do not get it all nor get what we do get entirely straight. Probably we are correctly advised from day to day of what France is doing in Germany, but even about that one cannot be entirely confident. The general French policy, of which the movement into the Ruhr is a part, is a large speculation. To start with it is a plan for collecting dues, but if the dues cannot be collected what is it? Is it the beginning of a movement to separate the Ruhr and part of Silesia politically and industrially from the rest of Germany, as some observers, who think they are well informed, assert? The Ruhr and Silesia are described as the Pennsylvania of Germany. Her steel and iron industries could not exist without them and in those industries lies the main part of Germany's industrial and military power. If France can control them she is protected against the resurgence of a militant Germany and also against being wiped out in her industrial competition. If she can get her indemnities and reparations by seizing the Ruhr, her adventure will appear to be successful even when she recalls her troops. If she cannot get the indemnities, but holds the Ruhr, her adventure may seem to her present guardians still more successful.

Supposing that she has this purpose to keep the Ruhr, if necessary, what is it based on? She has by far the greatest and ablest army in Europe. In the air she is nearly three times as strong as England. In the sea she has submarines to

help her maintain communication across the Mediterranean with Africa and shies at the five-party treaty that would limit her submarine strength. She is credited with ability to draw half a million black troops out of Africa at will, and more if she needs them and can train them. If force is going to manage the concerns of Europe, France is very formidable. If force is to rule, there seems to be nothing between Moscow and the British Channel that she cannot have for a time.

But for how long a time? That is the rub. France is no fool. She doubtless knows what dreams of continental domination have come to. Her men have had fighting enough—been killed a-plenty, and she has no more to spare. She may go mad, as Germany went mad, but it seems too soon after the great war for that to happen. When we think of the plan imputed to her, realize its magnitude and the hazards it involves, we shall be apt to conclude that if a reasonable bargain is offered her, her government will abandon that plan and take much less. She has said what she would take—12½ billion gold marks, which is not an extreme sum for Germany to pay.



HOW much responsibility have these States about the predicament of France and her present efforts to extricate herself from it?

It will be generally admitted that except for the American military intrusion into Europe France would have none of these troubles about reparations. We brought them all on her without a doubt and we have not done much to help her with them.

Some other things have come to be pretty generally admitted, as that the Treaty of Versailles was a bad job and that the reparations and indemnities demanded of Germany were about three times more than she could meet. The United States was not much to blame because the Treaty was bad nor because the demands on Germany were too heavy. It was not our representatives who did those things but the various Europeans, each group reaching out for something for itself and all very greedy. But because it was the American incursion that gave Germany the final knockout and produced the present situation in Europe, including this embarrassment of France about reparations, we have responsibility about what is happening and ought, of course, to try to meet it. But how?

For the moment by keeping our shirts on and maintaining tranquillity of spirit while France makes her effort to persuade Germany to shell out. Of course the Germans do not want to pay any more than they can help and will squirm out of it if they can, but there is an opinion that Germany could pay France her twelve billion gold marks if she wanted to, and that the men to make her want to are not her officers of government but her industrial magnates. The Germans undoubtedly have immense sums of money in England and the United States and Switzerland and other foreign countries. The men to reach that money are the kings of German business. They are the men the French are after and it is their seats of government that the French are occupying.

So let us be calm and see if the French can fry the fat out of the great German profiteers. If they can, we have no need to be sad.

E. S. M.



The Lightning Conductors Get an Early Start



Like the moth, it work

LIFE ·



oth, it works in the dark



Retraction and Review

WELL, we were mistaken about the Russians. They may have something to them after all. From the "Chauve-Souris" and the "Revue Russe" we had gathered that all they could do was puff out their cheeks and yip, but now Mr. Gest has brought the Moscow Art Theatre company over here to confound us and we must grudgingly admit that they are a grand aggregation of actors.

The size of their accomplishment may be estimated when it is said that they hold a large audience of dinner-parties in fairly decent attention in spite of the fact that not one word of what they (the actors, not the dinner-parties) are saying is intelligible. Attendance at several plays in the repertory may give you a clue as to the meaning of the word that sounds like "Da," but aside from that you are pretty much in the dark. And yet you are likely to be much more engrossed in the performance than in most of those done in our own dear language along Broadway.

In the first place, there is always something for your eyes to be doing. In "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch" there is color and always the threat of a change of costume. "The Lower Depths" hasn't so much variety, but somehow you don't get tired of looking at the same things over and over again. As we remember Arthur Hopkins' production of this play (then called "Night's Lodging"), we got pretty tired of it after an hour or so, chiefly because Mr. Hopkins, in his desire to be very Russian, had staged the thing in the dark. The Russians themselves are not so Slavic, and are far less gloomy than most translators would have us believe.



WATCHING a play in Russian is really easier than watching one in French or German. You are licked at the start and you know it, and all there is left to do is to sit back in comfort and watch the acting. When the dialogue is in a language a dozen words of which you learned in school, you are constantly straining to hear, on the chance that some one of those twelve will come into the talk and give you an opportunity to nod knowingly. In Russian you have no responsibilities, no obligations to yourself. All you know is that a lot of interesting-looking people are saying "shouisky" at each other and you can tell by the trot in the program that it means that *Prince Shakhovskoy* is telling *Mikhailo Golovin* that everything is all right and that he can go ahead with that Golub matter just as soon as he gets the papers drawn up. Then a chorus of Santa Clauses come in and you don't care what happens.

There are only two drawbacks to an evening with the

visiting Russians. One is the draught which sweeps through the Fifty-Ninth Street Theatre like the wind swirling down from the steppes of their home-land, and the other is the loud way in which the male characters kiss each other. But you get used to both of these features after a while.



"POLLY PREFERRED" starts out to be one of the most entertaining comedies of the season, and doesn't finish so badly either. It gets rather scrambled and undecided after the first act, and carries no more conviction than you could put in one of those sparkling eyes of yours, but it does have amusing lines and it does have a good cast headed by Genevieve Tobin, and it does have that flavor which, in spite of its obvious faults, sends you out with the feeling that you have seen a good show.



WE now know how it feels to be advised to see a play by enthusiastic rooters and then to go and see it. We missed seeing "Seventh Heaven" when it opened. Shortly after we began getting letters from readers asking why we hadn't reviewed it, as they considered it the best play in New York. People spoke in hushed tones about the acting of Helen Menken. We felt rather out of things.

Then last week we finally went. Perhaps we had heard too much about it. Perhaps we were tired. Whatever the reason, it seemed to us to be just about the most artificial, impossible thing we have seen this year. Without even the excuse of being translated from the French, it is written in that wooden scroll-work style which seems necessary to indicate that the characters are Parisians. Every once in a while someone says "le bon Dieu" or perhaps just "the bon Dieu" to lend Gallic flavor, and one character tells of someone "who lives across the rue from us." If he had been just a little more French he might have said "across the rue from nous." The situations are cut out of the same piece of linoleum as the language.

And since Miss Menken is now too well established as one of our most remarkable young actresses for any word of ours to trouble her, we may say that if her "big scene" in the second act is great acting, then anyone who can scream, wave her arms, and push over a table, is a great actress. That is, provided there is a band playing a French marching song outside.

R. C. B.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Dagmar. Selwyn.—To be reviewed next week.

The Fool. Times Square.—A modern stage version of the New Testament, considerably pepped up.

Hamlet. Sam H. Harris.—John Barrymore.

It Is the Law. Nora Bayes.—Melodrama with a cut-back.

Jitta's Atonement. Comedy.—To be reviewed next week.

Johannes Kreisler. Apollo.—Gigantic scenic accomplishment setting forth a play in forty-one scenes.

The Last Warning. Klaw.—One of the most novel creep plays you ever saw.

Listening In. Bijou.—An attempt to involve ectoplasms in crime and business.

The Love Child. George M. Cohan's.—French family in the usual illicit home-life.

Loyalties. Gaiety.—A smooth-running play of absorbing interest.

The Masked Woman. Eltinge.—Special February seduction sale.

The Merchant of Venice. Lyceum.—You know the play. Well, David Warfield plays Shylock.

The Moscow Art Theatre. Fifty-Ninth St.—Reviewed in this issue.

Rain. Maxine Elliott's.—One of the most emotionally thrilling plays we have ever seen, with Jeanne Eagels doing a great deal to make it so.

Romeo and Juliet. Henry Miller's.—Jane Cowl holding the field.

R. U. R. Frasee.—A fantastic and bitter glance into the future of mankind, well worth taking.

Seventh Heaven. Booth.—Reviewed in this issue.

Six Characters in Search of an Author. Princess.—An odd dramatic device to put metaphysics across in a most agreeable manner.

Whispering Wires. Broadhurst.—Tricky killing.

Will Shakespeare. National.—An at times beautiful and always interesting view of a phase of young Shakespeare's life.

The World We Live In. Forty-Fourth St.—Showing how the insects live, by way of taking a dirty crack at us humans.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. Republic.—Comic supplement fun.

The Egotist. Thirty-Ninth St.—Leo Dietrichstein in highly amusing amours.

Give and Take. Forty-Ninth St.—To be reviewed next week.

The Humming Bird. Ritz.—Anything on this counter 10 cents.

Kiki. Belasco.—Lenore Ulric, etc.

Merton of the Movies. Cort.—A dramatization of the book, with Glenn Hunter tremendously appealing.

Mike Angelo. Morosco.—Leo Carrillo looking handsome.

The Old Soak. Plymouth.—Gentle Anti-Prohibition arguments from Don Marquis' famous character.

Passions for Men. Belmont.—In spite of their having changed its name from "Fashions for Men" it is a good play.

Polly Preferred. Little.—Reviewed in this issue.

Rose Briar. Empire.—Billie Burke in a comedy which you are slightly surprised to find is by Booth Tarkington.

Secrets. Fulton.—Old stuff and bad shooting made bearable by Margaret Lawrence.

So This Is London. Hudson.—Obvious caricatures of Englishmen and Americans.

Why Not? Forty-Eighth St.—Clever satire on marriage and divorce.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Better Times. Hippodrome.—Big.

Blossom Time. Century.—It seems as if people were never going to tire of hearing this music.

Chauve-Souris. Century Roof.—The final bill of our Russian singing and dancing friends.

The Clinging Vine. Knickerbocker.—Peggy Wood in just about as good as there is.

The Dancing Girl. Winter Garden.—To be reviewed later.

The Gingham Girl. Earl Carroll.—Pleasant.

Glory. Vanderbilt.—One of the "Irene" family and worthy of the name.

Greenwich Village Follies. Shubert.—Savoy and Brennan and Jack Hazzard furnishing the humor for a grand spectacle.

Lady Butterfly. Globe.—To be reviewed later.

The Lady in Ermine. Ambassador.—Wilda Bennett in one of those.

Little Nellie Kelly. Liberty.—The Cohan touch.

Liza. Daly's.—A rapid-fire negro show.

The Music Box Revue. Music Box.—Spending the money made on last year's show.

Sally, Irene and Mary. Casino.—Good popular stuff.

Up She Goes. Playhouse.—Very nice.

Ziegfeld Follies. New Amsterdam.—Will Rogers and others.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 59. Mr. Huyler harks back to "ye oldene dayes."

To the Founder

(Benjamin Franklin was the first publisher of the
Saturday Evening Post.)

O BENJAMIN, if in this age efficient,
You checked your baggage through to
Pennsylvania,
Possessed of youthful knowledge insufficient,
Would you contract the current Postomania?
Would you, I wonder, send congratulations
To those now called the Curtis Publications?

When Anno Domini was somewhat younger,
You launched the Post upon its maiden cruising
And, worried as you were by threatened hunger,
Of course you did not want to see it losing
In circulation, or in advertising;
Which, take it all in all, was not surprising.

You wrote, by hand, its weekly news dispatches
And, stick by stick, you added to the galleys.
Your heavy stuff you lightened by some snatches
Of wisdom; or the Life-Line sort of sallies.
But nothing—which was most unenterprising—
Continued over to the advertising.

Ah! How could you have deemed yourself succeeding,
When never in your meagre sheaves of paper
Were thrilling tales of earnest youth proceeding
To win the boss by some efficient caper;
By cutting down the gasoline consumption,
Reducing overhead and showing gumption?

Fair maidens never smiled, when you were printing,
On stalwarts clad in "Styles That Suit the Snappy."
No noble athlete, kodaked at his sprinting,
Proclaimed, "Unconquered Oats Have Made Me
Happy."
The revenue from ads of products dental
Was then, to put it broadly, elemental.

To-day, I fear, you'd never move from Boston.
The Post would soon convince you of the money
It offered in return for time now lost on
The job of making hay in weather sunny;
And, after reading some of its descriptions,
You'd spend your life in canvassing subscriptions.

J. K. M.



*Prodigal Son: From de signs an' portents I judge de present moment is not auspishus fo'
ma return to de fold.*



A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing

Horoscope for 1923

FEB.—136 news-stands collapse from increased weight of *Saturday Evening Post*.

MAR.—Broadway crowds refuse to stop to view man engaged in sign-painting occupation.

APR.—Life insurance companies combine in rejecting all applicants engaged in cornet playing.

MAY—Entire New York vaudeville audience remains seated until very end of last act.

JUNE—Floorwalker that does not resemble a minister discovered in Newark department store.

JULY—Automat installs ham sandwiches in New York

subway turnstiles. Demand for slugs exceeds supply.

AUG.—Monday morning newspapers fail to record a single Sunday auto accident.

SEPT.—Bobbed hair styles declared passé. Hair tonic sales increase 100 per cent.

OCT.—Jersey grocer discovered who knows difference between a carton and a cartoon.

NOV.—Ohio diner actually orders liver without bacon or onions.

DEC.—Entire month passes without person leaping in front of subway train.

H. F.

The Education of a Club Woman's Husband

"HOW do you pronounce 'Turgenieff'? Well, I thought so too. That's the reason I asked you. Of course, I broke my promise to my wife never to use the name of a foreign author, musician or artist without going over it a few times with her. But I had been anxious to please her ever since I sat in that Chippendale chair that was propped up; and so I worked Turgenieff's name into the conversation all by myself, at a dinner party last night. We had been going through the list of Russian names, my wife and I, but we hadn't got as far as the T's, so I thought I would surprise her. But I didn't; I fumbled it.

"My wife rushed me home as soon as she could make our excuses to the hostess and when we got into the house I thought I was a goner. But luck was on my side. There stood a parcel on the hall table and in it was a pair of Colonial candlesticks my wife had admired in a shop downtown and which I had bought unknown to her. They cost sixty-five dollars and I thought at the time they were expensive but considering what they saved me last night they were worth the money."

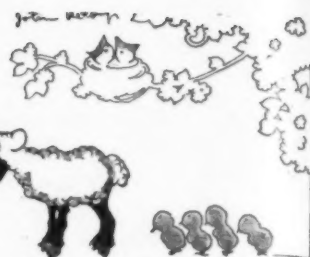
McC. H.

A MAN who knows how to capitalize his good deeds is bound to be successful, but not so successful as the man who knows how to profit by his mistakes.



"I caught me big sister smokin'."
"Did ya bawl her out?"
"I'll say I did."

THE SILENT DRAMA



"The Strangers' Banquet"

OPERATING on his usual magnificent scale, Marshall Neilan has turned Donn Byrne's story, "The Strangers' Banquet," into a motion picture that has just about everything but plot.

There is good acting, and plenty of it. Rockliffe Fellowes, Claire Windsor, Ford Sterling and twenty-seven other principal players do excellent work, even if at times they don't seem to be quite sure of the nature of their endeavors.

Mr. Neilan also has a large corps of co-directors, assistant directors, camera-men, technicians, etc. etc., who doubtless perform their duties in satisfactory fashion.

But somehow or other, Mr. Neilan can't seem to summon up much enthusiasm for stories. In his scheme of things, the plot has no definite place. He makes movie productions which bear all the ear-marks of genuine genius, but which contain relatively nothing above the ears.

"The Strangers' Banquet" zig-zags around from situation to situation and from theme to theme. There are many effective episodes but they bear absolutely no relation to one another, and are therefore comparatively meaningless.

Mr. Neilan should try to work up a better spirit of co-operation among his various scenes. He should gather them together in the projection room, and then read them one of Will H. Hays's speeches about "Team Play."

The Untrodden Ways

TWO travel pictures have lately come along—Martin Johnson's "Head Hunters of the South Seas"

and H. A. Snow's "Hunting Big Game in Africa—With Gun and Camera."

Mr. Johnson's film is a disappointment. It can't be compared with his previous products, either from a pictorial or an expositional point of view. It lacks the vigorous spontaneity which characterized his jungle pictures, and also the originality of treatment.

"Hunting Big Game," however, is remarkably good. It was made by an expedition which set out from Capetown, South Africa, and advanced straight through the heart of the dark continent. Their transportation through the jungles and over the desert wastes was provided by two unusually rattle-bang Fords. The little tin gods on wheels acquitted themselves nobly—going after lions, hyenas and hippopotami just as though they were mere pedestrians on the streets of Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Snow, who commanded the cavalcade, was a sure shot with his gun and his camera, and he brought down every form of fauna from the massive elephant to the diminutive dik-dik. They all appear on the screen—as large as life, la-deez and gemmun, and twice as natural.

"One Week of Love"

WHEN we see a young lady of society, on the screen, frivolous madly in the midst of a fashionable whirlpool, we know that just one thing is going to happen:

She will be lost in some particularly lonely corner of God's green foot-stool, and will encounter there a strong, silent man who will expose to her the folly and sham of society

life (did he not renounce it once himself, and voluntarily sequester himself in the great, clean hills? Ans.: He did!). Every Merton Gill in the country knows this formula, and protests vehemently if it is ever violated in the slightest degree.

"One Week of Love" follows the blue prints carefully, and there isn't a single sub-title or glycerine tear out of place. Elaine Hammerstein is beautiful and dumb, just as she should be. The only recalcitrant member of the cast is Conway Tearle, who commits the grievous error of trying to act like a real human being, instead of a stock movie hero.

Mr. Tearle will do well to watch himself. If he keeps on like this he will lose his job with Selznick, and will have to become a regular actor.

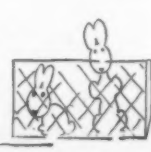
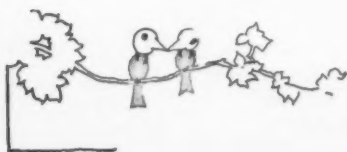
Fables in Celluloid

THERE is nothing quite so pleasing to the optic nerve of this mezzo-browed scribe as a good animated cartoon. The picturesque adventures of "Mutt and Jeff," the peregrinations of "Felix the Cat," and "Tony Sarg's Almanack" have all impressed me more effectually than the most expensive spectacles that Cecil B. De Mille ever conceived.

It is therefore a prime pleasure to announce the discovery of a new favorite—i. e., the film versions of Æsop's Fables, animated by Cartoonist Paul Terry. They are powerful enough to provoke real laughter in a world where laughter is lamentably scarce.

R. E. S.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31)



March—The Danger Month

May June July August September October November December January February March April

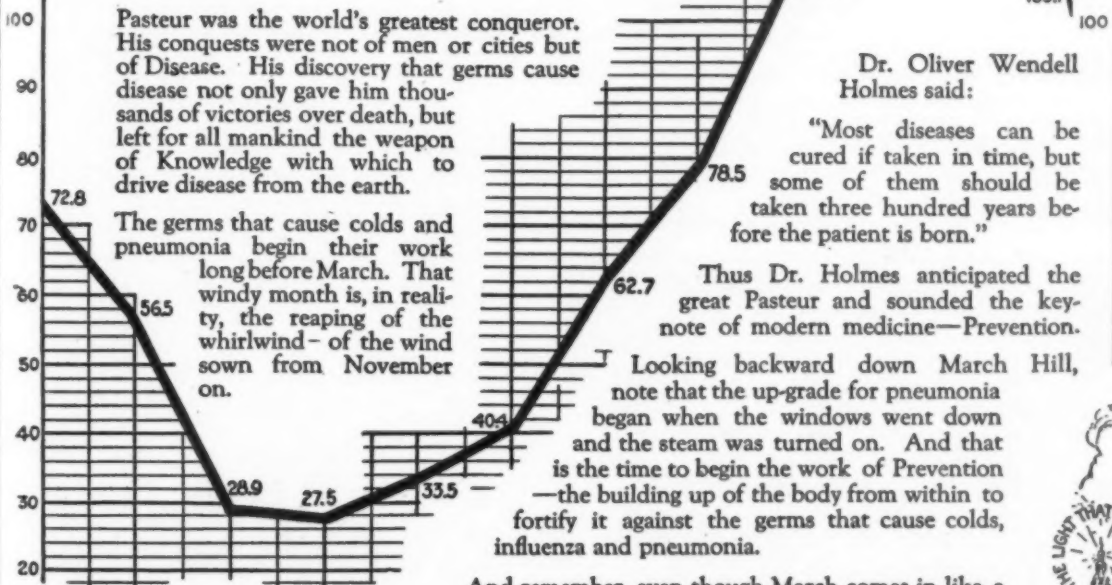
Below is a photograph of a Year. It pictures graphically for you, month by month, the death rate from Pneumonia, from May 1921 to April 1922.

Study the picture. Travel over the Year. At each station or month, note carefully the Pneumonia figures.

When you reach the dizzy pinnacle—the March Peak—you will note that the danger of death from all forms of pneumonia is more than six times as great as in midsummer.

Pasteur was the world's greatest conqueror. His conquests were not of men or cities but of Disease. His discovery that germs cause disease not only gave him thousands of victories over death, but left for all mankind the weapon of Knowledge with which to drive disease from the earth.

The germs that cause colds and pneumonia begin their work long before March. That windy month is, in reality, the reaping of the whirlwind—of the wind sown from November on.



Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said:

"Most diseases can be cured if taken in time, but some of them should be taken three hundred years before the patient is born."

Thus Dr. Holmes anticipated the great Pasteur and sounded the keynote of modern medicine—Prevention.

Looking backward down March Hill, note that the up-grade for pneumonia began when the windows went down and the steam was turned on. And that is the time to begin the work of Prevention—the building up of the body from within to fortify it against the germs that cause colds, influenza and pneumonia.

And remember, even though March comes in like a lamb—she is a wolf in sheep's clothing—ready to devour the body not strengthened throughout the year to resist her blustery winds, icy breath and the flattery of her occasional sunny smile.

The heavy zigzag line which stretches across this page is a facsimile of a portion of one of the health graphs regularly kept by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. It is printed to bring home to millions the fact that the danger from pneumonia is more than six times greater in March than in midsummer.

The things to be guarded against are over-fatigue, exposure, contagion and neglect. A first hint of danger is often indigestion or cold. Avoid clogging the body with heavy, indigestible foods. Most important, avoid constipation.

Wear light, warm clothing. Wear stout, warm shoes. Sleep with windows open.

If you get your feet wet, change to warm, dry things as soon as possible and restore the circulation. Keep the hands out of the mouth and keep the mouth and teeth clean.

Use a handkerchief as a screen for a cough or a sneeze.

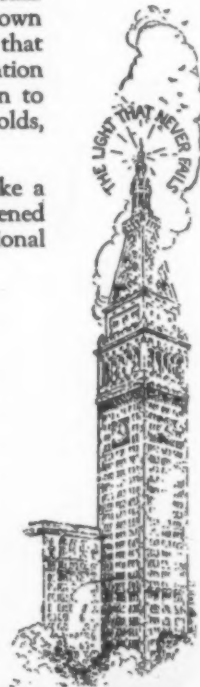
As soon as nature warns you that something is wrong, consult your doctor; go to bed, get warm and keep covered up. Cut down your diet to

the last possible notch. Drink plenty of water—hot preferably.

Mothers should specially guard children suffering from measles, whooping cough and the other contagious diseases—pneumonia frequently follows these diseases.

In the interests of community welfare, the Metropolitan gladly authorizes any individual, organization or periodical to reprint either the chart or information on this page.

HALEY FISKE, President



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY — NEW YORK

No. 7-A



Humility

For a noble heart, and nature meek,
Commend me to the man, I say,
Who wears upon his coat *this* week
The badge of last week's button day!
—"Paragot," in the *Bulletin* (Sydney).

Willing to Help

A school teacher was very much annoyed by the continued mischievousness of one of her boys. At last she exclaimed in exasperation, "I wish I could be your mother for just about one week."
"Very well, I will speak to father about it," responded the youngster coolly.—*Boston Transcript*.

This Mortal Coil

"How are you feeling, Sam?"
"Ain't no 'count, boss. Ain't fit foh nothin' no moh. Don't think I'd miss mahself much ef'n I drapped dead."
—*Nashville Tennessean*.

Two Altoona men were quarreling recently. One said: "You are of so little consequence that you are not even asked to sign petitions."—*Altoona Tribune*.



OUT OF KEEPING

"Huh! Your papa is a shoemaker and you haven't any shoes!"
"Huh yourself. Your papa's a dentist and your little brother's only got three teeth."
—*Le Rire* (Paris)

Seating the World

At a chair factory in a North Carolina town an old negro had been loading chairs all day on a huge truck, to be taken to the depot for shipment. The shades of night were falling and the old man was very tired. He thought his day's work was over, when the truck backed up to be loaded once more, whereupon the old man exclaimed: "It do look like dis here world would get sot down attar a while."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

The Other Reason

THE VISITOR: Your boys are leaving college very late. What kept them back so long? Are they delicate?

THE PROUD FATHER: Delicate? On the contrary, they're athletes.
—*Columbia* (S. C.) *State*.

A Fine Fellow

"That fellow is as fine as they make 'em. Generous, square, anxious to see every one get along and—"

"Yes, I know he is. He's a rotten business man."

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

STRANGER (slumming): Are you safe in Chinatown?

NATIVE: Yes, if you keep away from all white people.—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.

The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.



In emergencies like this!

The prompt application of Absorbine, Jr. to burns, scalds and blisters stops the torment of pain, draws out the inflammation reduces the swelling, helps nature to heal the raw skin after the blister, cleanses and guards against germ infection.

A stiff neck or lame shoulder muscles after long continued or hard driving will respond quickly to a treatment with Absorbine, Jr.

Cuts, scratches and bruises, sustained through the slip of tools in minor adjustments, occur more frequently in cold weather. Treat such injuries with the properties of antiseptic and liniment. It is of a clean, agreeable odor, safe and without the usual liniment stain.

Keep a bottle handy in the pocket of the car for the little emergencies.

At most druggists, \$1.25, or postpaid.
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.


W. F. YOUNG, Inc. 162 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.



Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT



Father wondered where he got all the dust, little thinking that his son used the broom to clean out the automobile.



BEAUTY THAT LIVES

Even if your attention were drawn to nothing further than the exterior beauty of the new Lincoln, that beauty would immediately command, and merit, your respect.

For the perceptible things so pleasing to a Lincoln observer rest their appeal on three fundamentals. These are good taste, purity in design and refinement, and a quality that knows neither sparing nor compromise.

Are not these things the rudiments of that enduring beauty from which the years cannot detract?

L I N C O L N





It's great after shaving

IF you've never doused clear Listerine on your face after shaving, you've missed something good.

Just try it tomorrow morning. See what a delightful exhilarating feeling it brings to your face—how it "sets you up" for breakfast and the day's work.

You'll want it after your shave every morning.

Listerine provides the ideally safe antiseptic lotion. It is composed of a pure, saturated solution of boric acid, skillfully and always uniformly blended with healing, fragrant oils.

Thus it allays irritation and guards against infection that might come from any abrasion or nick your razor may leave.

Read the circular that comes packed with each bottle. It describes dozens of other uses for this excellent antiseptic—uses that have kept Listerine ever growing in popularity for the past half century.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*



Fresh, clean, cool and safely antiseptic

LISTERINE
—the safe
antiseptic



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Matter of Dates

"This," said the guide, showing a party over an historic mansion, "is the room occupied by Queen Elizabeth when she visited these parts, and that's the bed she slept on."

"My dear sir," remarked one of the visitors, an elderly antiquarian, "haven't you made some mistake?"

"What d'yer mean—mistake?"

"Why, the bedstead is of Jacobean pattern, and apparently a reproduction at that."

"Well, she wasn't particular about the pattern of the bed she slept on."

"But it belongs to a much later period. The house itself is very late Tudor, and really I am not aware that Queen Elizabeth ever sojourned in this neighbourhood."

"Oh, all rite—taking the bread out of a man's mouth! This ain't the bed what Queen Elizabeth didn't sleep on when she wasn't 'ere before the 'ouse was built. 'Ow will that do?"

—*Windsor Magazine (London).*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Wife Beater

LADY CANDIDATE (to heckler, who has been pestering her for a plain "Yes" or "No" to his various questions): If I ask you a question will you answer "Yes" or "No"?

HECKLER: With pleasure.

LADY CANDIDATE (employing well-known device): Have you stopped beating your wife?

HECKLER: No; I beat her this morning.

LADY CANDIDATE: What!!!

HECKLER: Yes—three up and two to play.—*Punch.*

Still-Born

A terrible tragedy is reported from Suburbia. It appears that a lady recently wrote to an evening paper to say that she, at least, had found the perfect husband. Unfortunately, her letter was never published, as the gentleman in question forgot to post it.—*Humorist (London).*

True Love

"John," she said timidly, "are you sure... perfectly sure... certain that you love me?"

"Darling," he murmured, soulfully, "if I don't, you'll have the laugh on me after the preacher gets through!"

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Another Waster

OLD LADY: Here's a penny, my poor man. Tell me, how did you become so destitute?

BEGGAR: I was like you, mum—a-giving away vast sums to the poor and needy.—*Weekly Telegraph (London).*

EVERY dayski, in every wayski, Poland seems to be getting Wojciechjewskier and Wojciechjewskier.

—*Boston Transcript.*

"HELL, yes," said the Devil, picking up the phone receiver.

—*Magazine of Fun.*



Do You Like to Draw?

If you have ideas and like to draw you are an artist. How many times in looking at magazine and newspaper illustrations has a thought for a good picture come to you?

Great artists are made, they are not born that way.

Men and women now getting \$100.00 to \$1,000.00 for a single picture could not draw any better than you can when they began.

Some of them learned the secrets of art by years of constant work and study with very little or no instruction. Think of the waste of time and effort.

By simple, easy, enjoyable lessons the Federal Course teaches you until you understand completely how to draw pictures that sell for big prices.

When 5,000 publishers are constantly on the alert for artistic talent, you can profit from the great demand for good pictures?

We will show you how.

The Federal Course is not an experiment. Hundreds have succeeded through taking our instruction.

Such world famous artists as Sid Smith, Neyna McMein, Fontaine Fox, Charles Livingston Bull, Clara Briggs and fifty others had a hand in preparing the Federal Course.

You know it must be the best there is with the brains of all these talented people back of it.

LET US CRITICIZE YOUR WORK.

We will send you a free lesson. If you care to send us some of your work, we shall be glad to criticize it, and we can then judge whether it is worth while for you to take up the Federal Course.

Step out boldly into "A ROAD TO BIGGER THINGS." Send today for the Free Book and instructions—let's get busy.

Federal School of Illustrating

Federal School of Illustrating

218 Federal School Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

Bridge Table Numbers



A charming novelty for your bridge tables. These enameled metal numbers for table markers are hand decorated

with rose design on a black background. A welcome gift for your bridge friend.

Also most appropriate for bridge prizes. Set boxed with attractive

gift card, 75c. postpaid. Ask for No. 4410. Send for the

Pohlson Book of gifts for weddings, showers, parties

and all other occasions—it is free.

Look for Pohlson things in stores and gift shops.

POHLSON GIFT SHOPS, Dept. 45, Pawtucket, R. I.

"Six Authors in Search of a Character"

(Continued from page 15)

captive exhibitors—bound with gold chains and staggering under the weight of huge First Runs. In the rear of the parade is a phalanx of cameramen.

DAVID CROCKETT FILLUM:

You must come with me. I need you for my new feature, "The Birth of the Storm." I am having a scenario prepared from Webster's Dictionary. For this masterpiece I have secured the exclusive rights to the next earthquake. (*The Character begins to voice a feeble protest but Fillum waves a silencing hand.*) Your salary will be a million a minute.

CHARACTER:

At last I hear the call of Art.

FILLUM:

Shoot.

As the Cameras begin to turn the other Hunters fade out.

M. S.

The Confidences of a Modern Child

"YOU can't see Father now. The doctor has just been here and said to keep him quiet for three or four days. His skull isn't fractured, after all; but he has some concussion. I really feel awfully guilty for if I had had the moral courage to make an excuse when he proposed taking me to the rink to give me

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS AND STATIONERS

FOUR SCORE AND SIX YEARS OF EXACTING STANDARDS

PURCHASES MAY BE MADE BY MAIL

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

The
BILTMORE
MADISON AVE., 43rd TO 44th STREETS
NEW YORK

Tea in the Palm Room
Dancing
in the Supper Room

JOHN McE. BOWMAN,
President

HAMILTON HOTEL BERMUDA

3 Golf Courses Fireproof—
400 Rooms — 250 baths;
The Hotel de Luxe of Bermuda
Management of J. A. Sherrard
N. Y. Office, Spur Travel Bureau, 425 5th Avenue.
Cables—"Hotel Bermuda" Booklet
Summer Hotel Preston, Beach Bluff, Mass.

skating lessons this never would have happened.

"I knew how it would be. Last summer he took me out for a day in the woods to be what he calls good pals and after that he was in bed for a week. But I don't like to hurt his feelings. So I went along and let on I couldn't skate much, though as a matter of fact I am champion of the Fifth grade.

"I guess I flattered Father too much for the first thing I knew he volunteered to show me how he used to cut the triple figure eight when he was a boy. Fortunately some men were near and they helped me carry him to the car and one of them offered to go ahead and prepare Mother. I told him it wasn't necessary, that Mother was prepared before we started this morning."

McC. H.



Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN

your dog
KEEP HIM HEALTHY

and
CURE DOG DISEASES

How to put dog in condition, kill
fleas, cure scratching, mange, dis-
temper. Gives twenty-five famous

Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dog leads, training collars,
harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES

Dept. 19 Bound Brook, New Jersey





"Habit is a Second Nature"

Get the Habit of
Reading

Life

and of enjoying its fun and brightness each week, and see how your mental outlook will brighten. Even a pessimist will develop a cheerful viewpoint, while the average mortal will not only revel in the fun of LIFE but in the humorous happenings of every day existence as well. Try LIFE with its Laugh on Every Page, for a year, or else our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40).
Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

One year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

Foreign \$6.60
(100)



The Dachshund: What are you yowling about?
The Pussy: You'd yowl, too, if you were full of fiddle strings!

THE SILENT DRAMA

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

Salome. United Artists.—A singularly beautiful picture, in which Nazimova appears as the lady who first made dancing famous. It is weird, exotic and startlingly unusual—but it violates no moral codes and will not offend anyone.

Broken Chains. Goldwyn.—The lady who wrote this story received a prize of \$10,000 for her effort. She was overpaid.

Thirty Days. Paramount.—A fair farce, with Wallace Reid in the featured position.

Dr. Jack. Pathé.—Harold Lloyd dispensing laughter and good cheer to all those who possess the paltry price of admission.

The Toll of the Sea. Metro.—A beautiful color film, in which a Chinese actress, Anna May Wong, establishes herself as a star of the first magnitude.

The Town That Forgot God. Fox.—Mediocre heart-throb drama, culminating in a marvellous flood scene which is sweeping enough to wash out memories of all that has gone before.

The Headless Horseman. Hodgkinson.—Will Rogers as *Ichabod Crane* in an occasionally pleasing film version of the famous legend.

For Review Next Week—"Drums of Fate" and "Gimme."

Un Beau Geste

THE gods were lolling about on their cloud-banks, resting after a strenuous game of tiddle-de-winks with the stars. Wondering what to do next, one of them suggested having the Earth brought before them on a spit, in order to view the mortals. It was soon done, and the Celestials looked on, while funny little humans rotated before them, in postures representing pride, love, humility, anger, and despair; or ran around shouting silly slogans about "Duty to the Fatherland," "The Brotherhood of Man," and "The Sanctity of the Home."

The gods rocked with merriment, when, suddenly, one of them noticed a tiny individual, standing apart from the others, in a slightly different attitude. He turned to a fellow-god and, handing him his binoculars, said, "That chap there gazing up at us has a rather noble bearing."

The other god looked down and acquiesced, and together they nodded in approval at the little man below them, who was sticking out his tongue.

D. T.



In Your Country

—a "Strange Land" See it now

BY AN ENGLISHMAN

I HAVE been to Europe and the Orient—have climbed the Alps in Switzerland and Italy, and the Chinese Himalayas. I've seen the famous island of Capri. I've ridden camels on the great Sahara Desert at sunrise. Enjoyed, in fact, most of the beauties and the grandeurs that mark different portions of the earth.

And yet I've visited no one spot on the globe that combines "so many trips abroad in one" as one section of your own country provides.

The railway journey there from your eastern cities is itself worth while, and the most comfortable that I've ever taken—summer or winter, and I've made it several times during both seasons.

But the most extraordinary thing about your Southern California, is that year-round perfect climate, which I had heard about but never quite believed could be so delightful.

In my country we love sports and follow them almost religiously in good weather.

But in Southern California you have more than three hundred days a year with the sun shining and all our sports to boot.

English golf courses are famous, but you have many of the world's best there, and you can play almost every day. Then there's fishing, hunting, yachting and sea-bathing of the finest kind. You ride your horses in the mountains, motor to your desert, enjoy the peaceful beauty of the rare old mis-

sions, or have tea at your hotel or modest boarding place in your great central city there, and all within a radius of two hundred miles which you travel on those incomparable motor roads.

I don't see how anyone could be bored there, and I never met a fellow who was bored. He was always going here or there or doing this or that. And his children looked the happiest and healthiest that I have ever seen.

I hear that a hundred thousand new visitors went there last summer. My only wonder is that they had not been there before.

Above is a tribute to a portion of your country that perhaps you've never seen—the All-Year Playground of America, the one place of its kind.

Come now or next summer—come at any season—and enjoy its complete change. Bring the family. Put your children in fine schools.

There are things to see and do here that you've never seen or done before.

It is not too soon to plan now for this great trip. No matter what season you plan to come send now for full information. Ask railroad ticket agents or mail coupon below. Plan for next summer, or come now. You'll say it's the best trip of your life.

Southern California is the new gateway to Hawaii

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
Dept. M1203, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me full information about the summer and year around vacation possibilities in Southern California.

Name.....

Address.....

All-Year Club
of Southern California



They accused him of cleaning his pipe

But he pleaded not guilty;
he had merely filled it
with Edgeworth

There is an old story about the youngster who washed his face and hands before going to school and none of his boy friends recognized him.

There is another about—but as this one comes in the form of a letter, we're going to give it to you that way.

1551 Portsmouth Ave.
Portland, Oregon

Larus & Brothers Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

A short while ago you were kind enough to send me generous samples of both kinds of Edgeworth, and I enjoyed every grain of them.

When I lit the old pipe, several remarked on the fragrance of the tobacco and actually accused me of giving my pipe a scouring. But I had to disillusion them and tell them it was the tobacco and not the pipe.

So if I continue to woo Lady Nicotine, my best bet (and her best) will be Edgeworth.

Thanking you, I remain,
Very gratefully yours,
(Signed) Aptan A. Brown.

This letter gave us a genuine surprise. Although we have often been assured by smokers that Edgeworth has a fragrance that can't be beaten, this is the first intimation that smoking Edgeworth does away with cleaning your pipe.

And of course we don't admit that it does.

Edgeworth smokers may not find it necessary to scour their pipes often, but any pipe should be cleaned now and then—for

sentiment if for nothing else.

If you haven't tried Edgeworth, write your name and address down on a postal and send it off to us. We will send you immediately generous samples both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 63 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also add the name of the dealer to whom you will go if you should like Edgeworth, we would appreciate that courtesy on your part.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



Who's Who in LIFE

- | | |
|--------------|---------------------|
| A. C. M. A., | A. C. M. Azoy |
| L. B. S., | Blanche Bayrd |
| R. C. B., | Robert C. Benchley |
| W. B., | Woodward Boyd |
| | Robert Bridges |
| F. W. B., | Francis W. Bronson |
| D. H. B., | Dorothy H. Brown |
| G. C. C., | George Cecil Cowing |
| G. K. D., | George K. Denny |
| W. J. D., | W. J. Duncan |
| C. H. F., | Corey H. Ford |
| T. F., | Torrey Ford |
| L. G., | Mrs. Lawson Gaul |
| P. G., | Paul Girard |
| W. G., | Whidden Graham |
| A. G., | Arthur Guiterman |
| LaT. H., | LaTouche Hancock |
| H. L. H., | Henry L. Herbert |
| H. W. H., | Henry W. Hanemann |
| A. H., Jr., | Alfred Harding, Jr. |
| B. H., | Beatrice Herford |
| D. H., | Don Herold |
| R. H., | Robert Hillyer |
| E. F. H., | Ernest F. Hubbard |
| Mc. H., | McCready Huston |
| C. P. I., | C. Perry Ivins |
| B. L. K., | Bernice L. Kenyon |
| E. J. K., | Edmund J. Kiefer |
| S. K., | Stoddard King |
| R. K., | Rollin Kirby |
| B. L., | Baird Leonard |
| T. H. L., | Tracy H. Lewis |
| J. R. M., | J. R. McCarthy |
| J. K. M., | James K. McGuinness |
| L. M., | Lawton Mackall |
| E. S. M., | Edward S. Martin |
| | Brander Matthews |
| | Mary Ashe Miller |
| M. A. M., | T. F. Mitchell |
| T. F. M., | Dorothy Parker |
| D. P., | Sylvia M. Phillips |
| S. M. P., | Gardner Rea |
| G. R., | Agnes Repplier |
| | Ted Robinson |
| T. R., | Will Rogers |
| | Nate Salisbury |
| B. I., | (Baron Ireland) |
| | Clinton Scollard |
| C. S., | Robert E. Sherwood |
| R. E. S., | Mark Swan |
| M. S., | Dorothy Taylor |
| D. T., | Edward S. Van Zile |
| E. S. V. Z., | Percy Waxman |
| P. W., | Ruth Williams |
| R. W., | |

The Melting Pot

EDITOR: That was a bad mistake—our bringing Ivan Tartileff to America.

PUBLISHER: How?

"Why, he's learned to play golf, sleep with the windows open and take a cold shower every morning—and now he writes like an ordinary American author!"

Unhealthy gums denoted
by tenderness and bleeding

UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

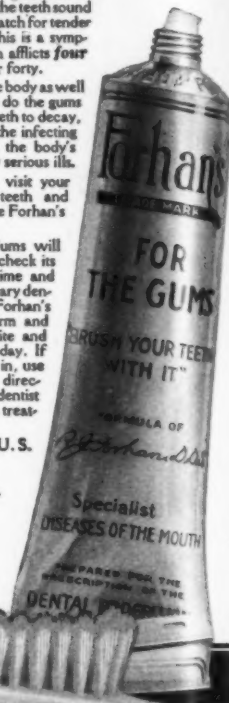
Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist frequently for teeth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Sail and Motor BOATS

Sturdy Craft at Moderate Prices

Inquire About
Our Boardman-Hoyt Design
Five-meter Racing Knockabout
and

Our Coupe Automobile Boat
with Electric Self-starter

Cape Cod Shipbuilding Corp.
Wareham, Massachusetts

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA

Winter Homes

For Sale and for Rent
A. S. NEWCOMB & COMPANY

To Be or Not to Be a Business Woman

The Millionaire's Daughter

SHE had always had everything she wanted. She attended a Socialist lecture by mistake one day. She was bitten by the germ of democracy and decided she must work. Through a friend of her father's she got a job in a bank at the munificent salary of fifteen dollars a week. She was enraptured. She decided that she must stoop to conquer, so spurning the motor she went down on the subway. The crowd got on her nerves. She lost a train trying to buy a ticket. That night she bought ten dollars' worth of tickets and nearly caused a riot holding up the crowd at the window. She put them in her one-hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar beaded bag and left it on the train. She was perfectly sure the horrid man next to her stole it. The next morning she came to work in her father's cretonne-upholstered ten-thousand-dollar limousine. In the course of the day the office boy confidentially inquired "who belonged to the Tin Lizzie with the wall-paper lining." She decided that the atmosphere was degrading. She resigned.

The Débutante

She had gone to the dressmaker's every morning, she had tea'd every afternoon and danced every night for four months. One day a man called her frivolous. She was furious. She'd show him. She acquired a sixteen-dollar-a-week attachment to a Wholesale House. One of the nice friendly little girls in her department offered to show her where she could eat. She mustn't be snobbish, so she accepted. They went to the Automat. As she dashed madly around from one compartment to another and then had to dash back again for her silverware and glass of water, she thought of Mrs. Astor-grant's luncheon party in action at the very moment at the Plaza and she lost her appetite. That night she found awaiting her at home a letter asking her to be a bridesmaid in Minneapolis. She simply had to be a bridesmaid for Jane. The next day she applied for a leave of absence and was refused. She resigned.

The Maiden Lady

She was forty. She had a comfortable income to live on. She had pursued a certain male for fifteen years. Her charms had never seemed to register with him. She had been

(Continued on page 34)



At the theatre, at dances, at social affairs and in the home—
"Mum" is the word!

In Winter particularly "Mum" is the word!

Off to the theatre! A dance! A party! You are at your best, and you know it. What a comfortable feeling of assurance it gives you! Knowing that every little detail is just right, that your personal attractiveness is above reproach!

Knowing, too, that, as the evening wears on and the atmosphere becomes close and warm, your feminine daintiness and charm will be safe from that subtle enemy—*perspiration* and its inevitable odor.

Just a little "Mum," applied after the bath, and you are free all day and evening because "Mum" prevents all embarrassing body odors—whether from perspiration or other causes.

Winter and summer, you will always find "Mum" on the Dainty Woman's dressing table.

But "Mum" is even more essential in the winter months. For when people are indoors, the atmosphere is close,

clothing is heavier, and perspiration odors are more confined.

But "Mum" is the word. "Mum" keeps you fresh and dainty all day and evening.

"Mum" cannot harm the tenderest skin nor injure the most delicate lingerie. "Mum" does not check natural functions of the body—it merely prevents the odors.

Get "Mum" today—25 cents.

And for an easy way to remove hair from the underarm—Evans's Depilatory Outfit. Does it quickly and safely, leaving the skin smooth and comfortable. Ready for use at your dressing table. 75c

And get Amoray, a delightful new talc with an exquisite fragrance that lasts all day—really a perfume in powder form! 35 cents.

Get these helpful friends at your store, or use the special offer coupon below.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send us \$1 and your dealer's name and address, and we'll send you "Mum," Amoray and Evans's Depilatory Outfit postpaid. Or send 50c for "Mum" and Amoray. Use this coupon.



Mum Mfg. Co., Feb. 1923
1108 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

I enclose..... Please send me the articles checked below.

- ☐ "Mum" 25c ☐ "Amoray" 35c
☐ Special Offer "Mum" and "Amoray" 50c
☐ Evans's Depilatory Outfit—75c
☐ Special Offer (all three)—\$1

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Dealer's }
Name }

Dealer's }
Address }

MUM MFG. CO., 1108 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

"Mum" "Amoray" Talc Evans's Depilatory Outfit Evans's Oucumber Jelly Elder Flower Eye Lotion



San Francisco's famous Mission

Within ten minutes' ride of THE PALACE HOTEL, which is practically the center of the city for all business and social activities, is the Mission Dolores.

Built 140 years ago, still in excellent condition, it stands today a monument to the zeal and industry of Father Junipero Serra and the mission padres of those picturesque days of California's early history.

In San Francisco It's The Palace

THE PALACE HOTEL

Management Halsey E. Manwaring, Market at New Montgomery St. San Francisco.

Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Earache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Approbation from Sir Hubert A BRITISHER, watching a game Of baseball, was heard to exclaim, "Though it's copied from rounders And the players are bounders, It just isn't cricket."

The Editorial Instinct

IT happened that the Great Statesman also was a newspaper editor, and when he was not engaged in telling the world how to solve its problems he loved to make flying visits to the plant whose daily output was ninety-six columns; sixty of advertising and the rest propaganda.

Wholly unexpected, he drove up to his office and a moment later was seated at the editor's desk. In a neat pile was a collection of galleys. The Great Statesman read the first.

"Bosh! Rot! Nonsense!" he sputtered, heatedly. He grasped a thick pencil and slashed vigorously through the print, deleting passage after passage with firm strokes. His task finished, he looked up and beheld the managing editor watching him.

"Here! I've cut that into something that reads like sense," the Great Statesman informed the watcher. "What in the world is this drivel, anyway?"

The managing editor glanced at the heavily scored proofs and smiled.

"They are the advance copies of your next speech," he said.

To Be or Not to Be a Business Woman

(Continued from page 33)

warm and indifferent, coquettish and dignified in turn, with no result. She heard he liked efficient business women. She bullied him into giving her a job on his paper. She saw the end in sight. Two days later he received an offer from another paper. He left. When the alarm clock went off the next morning she threw it across the room and telephoned in that she resigned.

The Orphan

At the tender age of fifteen she joined the factory brigade at \$22.50 per. She went to night school and learned to be a switch-board operator. She took a position with a Wall Street firm at thirty dollars. A friend got her into the Spendmore Hotel. She talks intimately with the F. F.'s of New York daily. She got the right number for the Prince of Wales twice. She knows everything. She could collect a million dollars hush money yearly. Every seventh day she draws fifty dollars from the management. She needs the money. She can't resign.

D. H. B.

NORTH: Why do they call Dobbs an eccentric millionaire?

WEST: Because he dresses better than his \$1,500 clerks.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

**LOOK AROUND!
EVERYBODY'S USING
WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES**

A Merry-go-round of Brushes.

There are thousands of kinds and sizes of
WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Your dealer sells them or will quickly get them for you.

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO., Boston, U. S. A.

Brush Makers for Over 113 Years and the Largest in the World.

FRANK'S TOURS to EUROPE

Spring—Summer, 1923

One of the oldest Travel organizations in the world, 48 years of experience with the traveling public and permanent offices in Europe assure our clients many benefits. Our Tours have no equal—the personal attention we give each Tour guarantees the best of service throughout. Moderate price and De Luxe Tours. Write for Booklet with rates. Early reservations have many advantages.

Frank Tourist Co.

489 2d Ave., New York 219 South 15th St., Philadelphia
Paris London

Anacreontic

I CHANT the praise of water;
'Tis nectar cool and clear.
For gods and men
'Tis perfect, when—
(Turned into beer!)

It nourishes the roses,
The golden grain, the vine;
No matron staid
Without its aid—
(Could sip her glass of wine!)

For heart and brain, when weary
With life's dull misery,
A potion sure
Is water pure—
(When mixed with *eau de vie!*)

To those fair flights of fancy,
For which we poets watch,
A crystal draught
Our souls will waft—
(When mingled well with Scotch!)
La T. H.



TRADE MARK REG
U. S. PAT. OFF.

Time to Re-tire?
Buy
FISK



More than 10,000 letters endorsing this throat tablet have been received from general practitioners and throat specialists

Why throat hygiene is vital to your health

YOUR physician will tell you the throat and tonsils, with their numerous folds and crevices are the ideal breeding ground for all sorts of malignant germs. These growths gather here for a favorable chance to invade the body.

Your duty to yourself and others demands that you wage unceasing war against these crafty foes of health, lest they infect you or those near you.

Unlike many other methods, the action of **Formamint**, the germ-killing throat tablet, is continuous and thorough, and is recognized by physicians the

world over as a trustworthy means of protection against throat infection.

Little tablets, delicately flavored, dissolved like candy in the mouth, release a powerful, yet harmless, germicide. This turns the saliva into an antiseptic, bactericidal fluid which bathes the entire living membrane of the throat, checking and destroying germ life wherever it exists.

Remember: the germ-killing power of Formamint is positive, acknowledged by science and proven by experience. Formamint should be used whenever your throat is irritated or scratchy. Use it whenever there is danger of infection—it's the safe way.



Exhaustive experiments in the Lederle Laboratories, New York, have proved that Formamint actually kills germs.

Formamint

GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLETS

Formamint is our Trademark—It identifies our product



To acquaint you with Formamint we will send a trial tube on receipt of 4 cents in stamps to defray the cost of mailing. Address The Bauer Chemical Company, 118 West 18th St., New York, N. Y.

Books Received

Dear Brutus, by J. M. Barrie (Scribner).
Negro Year Book, by Monroe N. Work (Tuskegee Normal & Industrial Institute).
Ice Ages, by Joseph McCabe (Putnam).
History of the Free Churchmen in Holland, by Scheffer Griffis (Andrus & Church).
Balloons, by Elizabeth Bibesco (Doran).
Man Alive, by Harvey Alvaro Blodgett (The Blodgett Press).
Continental Stagecraft, by Kenneth Macgowan and Robert Edmond Jones (Harcourt, Brace).
The Holy Land and Syria, by Frank G. Carpenter (Doubleday, Page).
A Life Unveiled, by a Child of the Drumlins (Doubleday, Page).
Samphire, by John Cowper Powys (Seltzer).
The Story of Utopias, by Lewis Mumford (Boni & Liveright).
Ancient Man, by Hendrik Van Loon (Modern Library, Boni & Liveright).
For Eager Lovers, by Genevieve Taggard (Seltzer).
Casanova's Homecoming, by Arthur Schnitzler (Seltzer).

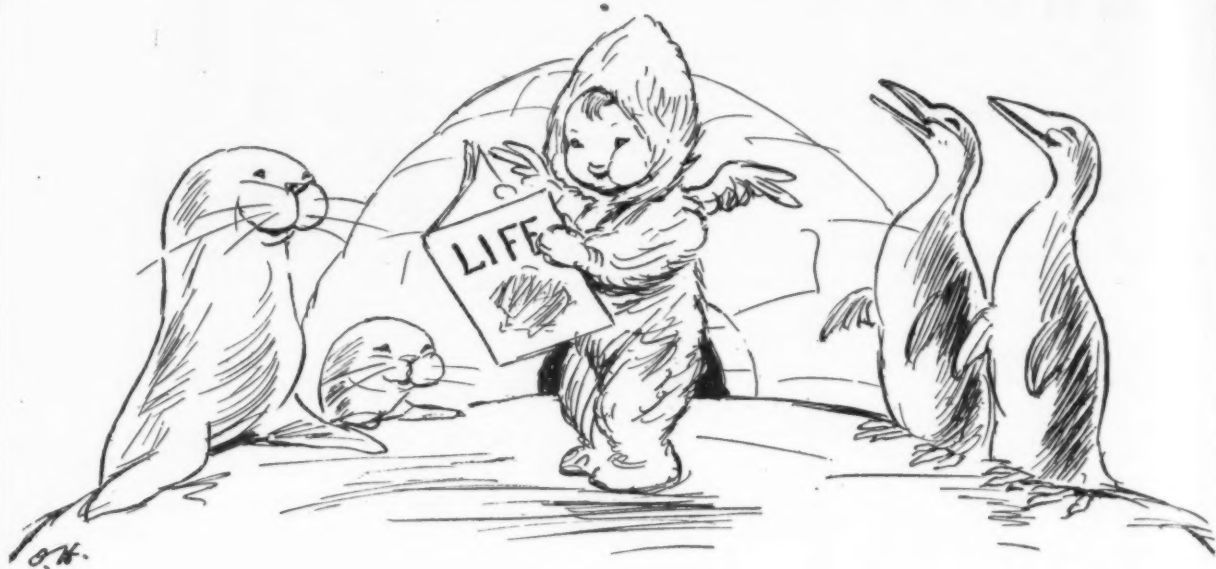
Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



6 BELL'S
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL'S

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE



HOT STUFF

EVERY winter, and the present one is no exception, any number of people (on an average) feel that they must go south to enjoy life.

This is a mistake—you can enjoy LIFE for the rest of the winter no matter how far north you build your igloo; just melt off the attached coupon and send it to us with a dollar bill. Perhaps it's a hot-headed thing to do, but you'll never regret it.

Boiled down, the proposition amounts to this:

You will receive 10 weekly issues including:

THE ST. PATRICK'S NUMBER

THE EASTER NUMBER

THE HOME-BUILDERS' NUMBER

and 7 others now on the coals for the price of $6\frac{2}{3}$ issues. Doesn't that fire your imagination?

It's the most inexpensive winter sport you ever had.

Dear LIFE: Here is a dollar (\$1.20 in Canada; \$1.40 abroad). Please put on some steam and send me those 10 numbers for the price of $6\frac{2}{3}$. I'll give them a warm reception.
Heatedly yours,

287

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York
One year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60).

Lessons in New Yorkese The Soda Fountain

"H LO Chawlie howsa olsheek—
huh?"

"Hlosweetie howju getteer? Wuz-
zuntabosslookin awja loseya jawb?"

"Daggetsafresh smee lunchouwa."
"Owizzit? Ithawchuwuz wawkin
inyasleep. Whaddayagonna have—
coupla lobstas elbos?"

"No Chawlie Iwanna hachawklit
maulidmilk withanegg anna tongue-
salid sannitch. Anpusosome mayna-
sonna sannitch annalotta whipcream
innamaulid milk."

"Fgossakes danchawanna roar er-
sterinnit?"

"Sright tryan sperl melunch will-
ya? Jazzitup Chawlie likagoofella."

"Weyain gonnomore tonguesalad.
Giveya creamcheezonrye."

"Notta thisbundusta yawont. Gim-
mea cawnedbeefantamawta."

"Wun cawnedbeefantam a t a
right! Youcan putonna maynays ya-
self. Anheresyas berled dinna. . ."

"Saaaay!"

"Smattasweetie?"

"Say Chawlie wassisyu gimme?"

"Igiveya wacha awdid."

"Say youdidnot! Iawdidchawklit
annisis mapil asumpin."

"Igiveyaya awda. Weyain gonno-
mapil inna staw."

"Odidya? Wawasmeawda?"

"Yagottit infrontaya."

"Owihavehave! Thisizzamapil-
milk."

"Swatcha awdid."

"Say Ididnot. Iawdida hachawklit
maulid."

"Yousez mapil."

"Dabesafoolish. Inevvaeatmapil
immelfe. Isezchawklit."

"Yousez mapil anyougot mapil.
Lappitup."

"Iwont lappup nomapilmilk fano-
buddy. Icome innear anniawdida
hachawklit maulid."

"Yougotcha awda."

"Igot mapil Itellya. Iwontdrinkit.
Iwant chawklit. Igottahave chaw-
klit. Lissen Chawlie. I wanna
hachawklit maulid. . .witha negg.
Takeismapilaway."

"Awrite awrite youdoneeda drink-
it. Now wawasit chawanned?"

"Aw. . .gimmea frawstid cawfee."

H. W. H.

The Pendulum

WHAT change is this that in my fair
Dulcinea appears?

What magic's lent to one short
month

The processes of years?

For she who lately, unconcerned,
Displayed her dimpled knees

To-day's ablush should prankish wind
E'en stir her draperies!

R. H. B.



In Beauty Land not far away
Two little Cre-Maids met one day,
And Disappearing Cream said, "See,
Our Queen of Beauty Land loves me."
Cold Cream replied, "That may be true
But I am sure she loves me too."

HINDS COLD CREAM is semi-
greaseless, cleansing, healing, and
perfect for massage.

HINDS DISAPPEARING
CREAM quickly vanishes; adds
charm to the complexion by its
refining influence. Relieves
catchy fingers.

These are the Creams that comfort and refresh the skin;—
fragrant, delightful, easy to use, yet always sure in yielding most
gratifying results. In midwinter, when frigid winds are injuring
unprotected complexions, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is
preventing roughness and chapping, and is adding to the attrac-
tiveness of those women who are using it daily. The hands
should be moistened with this cream to overcome the slight
drying effect of some kinds of soap.

Among its other valuable qualities, this pure liquid emollient
forms a wonderfully effective base for face powder and, because
it is so simple to apply, the habit of using it is rapidly extending
throughout all communities, particularly in women's college towns.

This same Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for years has been
recommended as an aid in manicuring because it so agreeably
softens the cuticle for
removal and prevents
soreness; also, as it adds to
the lustre of the nails. Alto-
gether, it is a success for the
entire manicuring process.

Just then a voice said, sweet and clear,
"Please don't forget that I am here;
Cre-Maid of Honor I should stand
Throughout the realm of Beauty Land,
The favorite of our Queen, I deem
Must be Hinds Honey and Almond Cream."

All druggists and depart-
ments sell Hinds Honey
and Almond Cream in
bottles, 50c and \$1.00. Cold
and Disappearing Cream,
tubes, 25c. Jars, 60c.
Traveler size, all creams,
10c each. We mail a sample
Honey and Almond Cream
for 2c, trial size 6c. Cold or
Disappearing sample 2c,
trial tube 4c.

A. S. HINDS CO.
Dept. 18
Portland, Maine



Androcles Never Knew His Luck

YOU remember Androcles—a tramp in the wilderness, a limping lion, a thorn, a tender heart. And a year or so later, an arena, a maddened, hungry lion turned loose, Androcles uneaten, Nero dumbfounded, the animal given a cage of honor and Androcles a new toga! And you remember the moral—Gratitude. A touching example, it will live forever because it has virtue.

Of course, had Androcles been a justly condemned criminal instead of a mild amusement for the Roman holiday, the lion, being a dumb beast, would have acted just the same. Had Androcles, on the other hand, been so unlucky as to draw a gladiator instead, both would probably have carried out their parts of the program, even though Androcles had extracted a full dozen aching teeth from the same gladiator the night before.

That's the difference between brute gratitude and gratitude within reason.

How many of us can rise high with the lion?

Life is but a debt we owe. We owe it to those who brought us into the world and nourished us in babyhood and cared for us in youth to manhood. It is a debt we owe to those with whom we have agreed to share the future. If there is really anything to gratitude and to the payment it demands, then life insurance provides an open doorway through which we can look with certainty and contentment.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD
President



HOME OFFICE: NEWARK
New Jersey

If Every Wife Knew What Every Widow Knows—Every Husband Would Be Insured

